

# FIRST LOVES

by FELIX RIESENBERG

## NINTH INSTALLMENT

Johnny Breen, 16 years old, who had spent all of his life aboard a Hudson river tugboat plying near New York, is tossed into the river in a terrific collision which sinks the tug, drowns his mother and the man he called father. Ignorant, un-schooled, and fear driven, he drags himself ashore, hides in the friendly darkness of a huge covered truck—only to be kicked out at dawn—and into the midst of a tough gang of river rat boys who beat and chase him. He escapes into a basement doorway where he hides. The next day he is rescued and taken into the home of a Jewish family living in the rear of their second-hand clothing store. He works in the sweatshop store—and is openly courted by Becca—the young daughter. . . . The scene shifts to the home of the wealthy Van Horns—on 5th Avenue, where lives the bachelor—Gilbert Van Horn—in whose life there is a hidden chapter. That chapter was an affair with his mother's maid, who left the house when he was accused. The lives of Johnny Breen and Gilbert Van Horn first cross when Van Horn sees Breen win his first important ring battle. Pug Malone, fight trainer, rescues young Breen from a crooked manager, takes him in hand, finds Breen cannot read and starts him to night school and the world commences to open for Johnny Breen. . . . Malone, an old-timer, is backed in a health-farm venture—taking Breen with him. There they meet and come to know Gilbert Van Horn. John attracts Van Horn, who learns of Breen's Mother, named Harriet. Learning John's desire for an engineering course at Columbia University—he advances the money. John comes to know Josephine, Van Horn's ward. Now we find John at school.

## Tunney Into Politics



James J. (Gene) Tunney, retired undefeated heavyweight champion, is being prevailed upon to enter the political arena as a candidate for congressman-at-large or senatorial toga on the Democratic ticket in Connecticut at the November elections. Both Roosevelt and National Chairman Farley favor his making the race.

passed the Clothing Emporium. He searched for the name of Lipvitch in faded letters. He thought of knocking at the door, stopped for a moment, and then in new gilt letters he saw the words, Aaron Levy, successor, beneath the old sign of the Emporium—New and Second Hand. His bearings were gone. Where was Channon Lipvitch? Where was he? Now the city was driving him back again to the slimy waters of the harbor. The whole world began to totter; jark spans of the Brooklyn Bridge towered like a massive threat, magnified by the wet mist as he had seen it once before. Cars clanged, vessels bulked high above him. He walked across the wide river-front street. He was playing a game with himself, and in it he forgot his misery.

Suddenly John Breen stumbled. His hands shot out before him as he fell, something yielded, and in an agony of realization he clutched desperately as he plunged head foremost through the door of a right-owl lunch car, backed against the head of a slip. Light instead of darkness, warmth, and the steaming aroma of a coffee urn, not the slime and cold of the river! With a bound his senses came to him. A lock of terror froze upon his face.

"Wodelyouhave?" The lunch car watcher roused himself suddenly and removed a pair of brogans from the counter. He eyed John suspiciously.

"Coffee," John uttered the word in a hollow voice. His head felt queer. The stuffy warmth of the car was grateful.

The man in the lunch car rubbed his eyes, shuffled over to a small cupboard, took out a heavy china mug without a handle. He dashed some white fluid into this from a can with a spout, and placed the cup under the tap on the urn, running it full. Suddenly John realized that he had on an old suit, saved for evening study, that he had left his room without a cent in his pocket. Even his vest, in which he sometimes carried change, and his watch, had been left behind.

"Wodelyouhave, doughnuts or pie?" the man asked.

"Hold on," John hastened to warn him, "I'm flat. Haven't a red cent with me. But—"

"Though so," interrupted the man behind the counter, "but see'n yer so damn honest, have a couple sinkers," and he passed the rings to John.

"Thanks," John munched the doughnuts ravenously.

"Don't mention it. Keep the change." The sleepy lunch car man settled comfortable on his perch.

"I'll send the money down tomorrow."

"Send it? Rats! I took this job at supper, an' I'm quittin' at breakfast. The guy what owns it's married an' home sleepin' wid his wife. Damn glad you wa'n't no stick-up. Get the hell out o' here an' let me sleep."

John Breen again went into the wet. He looked at the river. A shudder of terror came over him. He turned and ran westward, the warmth of the coffee gradually wearing away. But as he chilled he knew that he had to keep going, he caught his second wind, he knew that he was heading for the docks. It was ten o'clock in the forenoon

when the gray-haired dormitory maid entered John Breen's room. Damp clothing hung over the chair near his bed and John, in fevered slumber, tossed in his blankets. He had returned at daybreak and throwing off his clothes and rolled into his bed half dead with exhaustion.

Harboard, on his way to an early seminar, stopped to investigate. John's door was open, the maid was talking volubly, the hall superintendent and a young doctor, a great bulk of a man, bent over the bed.

"Bad?" asked Harboard anxiously. "Fever and exhaustion." The doctor, a famous football coach, turned to Harboard, adding with non-professional candor, "I can't make him out." He held a stethoscope in his hand. "Heart and lungs O. K. Know him?" the doctor asked.

"Well; we are rather good friends. It was all right last night but—" "Here, you mean?" the doctor tapped his forehead knowingly. His swift eye took in the disorder of scattered textbooks and papers.

"Engineering," explained Harboard. "'Applied science.' Rottenest cramming system in the world. Kills them off quick, or, if they hold out, nine out of ten are mentally strained. Come out with case-hardened skulls that crack if they get ideas. Few of 'em ever crack," he added dryly. "What about him, doctor?" Harboard asked anxiously. The maid was tucking John in, and one of the hall attendants came up with some warm milk.

"Needs rest, I should say; nursing—a change. But what a body! Best all-round specimen I've come across in a long time. Nothing overdone; smooth as silk. What is he, anyhow?"

"Been a scrapper. A regular knock-'em-out," Harboard explained, lowering his voice. "Something fine, about the boy, though. He has ideas that's the trouble with him. We were taking last night. I never realized his state, or— Well, thank God it's no worse. Anyhow he's got to quit for a while."

The doctor looked about. "Right. Complete rest, and a change. Get him out of this." He nodded forcefully at the room and its furnishings.

"Have you Mr. Van Horn's address?" Harboard asked of the superintendent. "I think he had better be advised."

Josephine Lambert was enjoying one of her periods of retirement, times when she took herself with elaborate seriousness. It was past ten in the evening; she was absorbed in the life story of Marie Bashkirtseff. Her long lashes, dark in contrast with her hair, gave her an air of study, a bare knee peeped from the white folds of her gown, a pink roguish knee. Her feet were doubled under her.

Josephine was reading the strange will of Marie Bashkirtseff. "I don't think I have ever had any base, interested, depraved thoughts. It is rarely that one can say this, but in my case it is true."

On the night Josephine was reading Bashkirtseff, and later on leisurely preparing for bed, John Breen was coming to the breakaway with his overload of study. Josephine lingered in the warmth of her bedroom, a fire burning in the grate. Aunt Wen had gone to bed but Josephine was very much awake.

She had taken John Breen's photograph from Van Horn's room, the one in short fighting trunks, his right fist guarding his abdomen, his left advanced, his eyes straight ahead, a stiff pompadour rising

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from his forehead. John had a look of the most insolent confidence on his determined face.

Josephine looked at John's picture. She smiled. Putting it on her dresser she dropped her robe and stood before the tall mirrors; for a moment she assumed the pose of the fighter. "Strip neat, myself," she murmured, coloring. And then she slipped into her pajamas and jumped into the big bed under the canopy.

Her hand reached for the light switch. She looked over at the photograph. "Young prize fighter, I'd have you dizzy, if you were here." And then she laughed. What would Marie Bashkirtseff have done, with a fighter?

Van Horn motored down from Greenbough, tearing at a wild pace, Pug Malone at his side and Judge Kelly in the back bouncing about like a rubber ball. The heavy Rolls took the road with smooth workmanlike speed. A telegram, from Harboard, had located Van Horn at

the farm. John was sick. The thing was incredible. In the meantime the house in the middle fifties was astir, Josephine in a flutter. Had she dreamed this, or what?

Continued Next Week

Eggs are now being preserved by treating them with carbon dioxide and nitrogen. The treatment is said to preserve eggs for a year.

A Japanese legend has it that music was devised by the gods to lure the sun-goddess from a cave where she had retired.

Middle Ages in history referred to a period extending for ten or eleven centuries ending about 1453.

A new tire is use on farm tractors is puncture proof. Pressure carried inside the tire is the same as that outside.

The standard pitch in music is a tone produced by a string vibrating 256 times per second for lower C.

## Calendar Warren County Superior Court

First three days of Court for criminal actions only  
Two weeks mixed term

No.	Case	Attorney
<b>THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1932</b>		
17	Isaac Davis vs. William T. Polk & Frank H. Gibbs Adm's. of Tasker Polk and Phillip Sommerville	Yarborough & Yarborough Julius Banzet
41	Charles Storr vs. R. H. Dugger and J. C. Dugger, trading as Dugger Hdwe. & Fur. Co.	Kerr & Kerr Y. Melvin, Hodges Julius Banzet
42	A. S. Bugg vs. J. G. Williams	John Kerr Jr. Julius Banzet
66	White's Building Supplies, Inc. vs. The Board of Education of Warren County	Julius Banzet

<b>FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1932</b>		
47	Edwin T. Hicks vs. J. P. Scoggins	J. P. & J. H. Zollicoffer Julius Banzet
49	W. H. Dameron & Co. vs. H. C. Radford	Julius Banzet Edward F. Griffin
50	Ruth Seaman & R. P. W. Seaman vs. P. G. Seanman, substitute trustee and Mary S. Daniel	Gholson & Gholson Julius Banzet
58	Harriett Young vs. Supreme Lodge of Knights of Gideon-Langston	Frank Banzet Allen Taylor
60	Gurney P. Hood et al vs. Temple Wright et als	Julius Banzet John Kerr Jr.

<b>MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1932</b>		
28	Pattie P. Lynch et al vs. Carolina Tel. & Tel. Co.	Julius Banzet Gillam & Bond
12	James M. Woodard et als vs. W. H. Dameron Co. et als	W. H. Yarborough Julius Banzet
44	Miss Lucy J. Tucker vs. H. A. Tucker	Perry & Kittrell Polk & Gibbs
51	Lewis Fields et al vs. Grover C. Brown	Polk & Gibbs Julius Banzet

<b>TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1932</b>		
16	Warrenton Box & Lumber Co. vs. J. W. Carroll	Julius Banzet Kerr & Kerr
21	H. M. Davis vs. Henry Davis	Julius Banzet John H. Kerr Jr.
22	H. M. Davis vs. Richard Alston	Julius Banzet John Kerr Jr.

37	Alfred J. Ellington vs. Weldon Coca Cola Bottling Works Inc.	Parker & Allbro Chas. J. Katzenbach Geo. C. Gray Geo. C. Gray
46	Myrtle Seris vs. Frank H. Gibbs, W. T. Polk, Administrators of Tasker Polk, dec. Trustee and R. K. Carroll.	Julius Banzet Polk & Gibbs
61	D. B. Howell vs. C. G. Coleman & A. S. Bugg	Julius Banzet Polk & Gibbs

<b>WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1932</b>		
9	J. F. Brown et ux Maggie Brown vs. W. T. Polk & F. H. Gibbs, admr's. of Tasker Polk, dec. Trustee and The Cooper Company	Yarborough & Yarborough Kerr & Kerr Gholson & Gholson
13	J. J. Tarwater vs. Pitt Moore	Polk & Gibbs Julius Banzet
26	T. R. Hunter vs. Isiah Hunter	Julius Banzet & George Gray Kerr & Kerr
29	Smith Douglas Co., Inc. vs. R. A. Harris & Bessie S. Harris	Julius Banzet Kerr & Kerr
31	A. E. Morris vs. Mrs. J. R. Harris	John H. Taylor John H. Taylor
32	T. R. Morris vs. Mrs. J. R. Harris	John H. Taylor John Kerr Jr.
53	Gurney P. Hood, Commr. et al. vs. C. W. Cole & Mrs. C. W. Cole	Julius Banzet Kerr & Kerr
57	W. F. White vs. Clarence Wyatt, trading as Clarence Wyatt Transfer Co.	Julius Banzet Kerr & Kerr
62	E. S. Allen, C. P. Allen and M. L. Allen, trading as Allen, Son & Co. vs. L. O. Robertson	Julius Banzet Kerr & Kerr
65	Sarah Rebecca Coppedge vs. George Henry Coppedge	John Kerr

<b>THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1932</b>		
14	M. T. Pridden vs. Paul F. Smith et als.	Kerr & Kerr J. P. & J. H. Zollicoffer J. A. Gosney, J. B. Chesnut
24	Gillis Ganes Jr. vs. Mary Corpening et al.	John Kerr Jr. Julius Banzet
64	S. J. Satterwhite vs. Carolina Power & Light Co.	Julius Banzet

<b>FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1932</b>		
5	W. H. Dameron vs. E. L. Harris	Julius Banzet Frank H. Gibbs
63	Z. R. Phillips vs. White Pump & Well Co. Inc.	Henry T. Power Julius Banzet

<b>FOR REPORT</b>		
3	Corporation Commission of N. C. vs. Bank of Norlina	Julius Banzet
4	S. W. Rose et al vs. Norlina Building & Loan Ass'n.	Julius Banzet

Suitors and witnesses need not appear until the date set for trial of their respective cases.

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